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LITERATURE DEPARTMENT
OF THE
Board of Home Missions and the Woman's Executive Committee of the Presbyterian Church.

SANTA FÉ.... BOARDING SCHOOL.

156 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

THE HOME MISSION MONTHLY is an illustrated magazine published by the Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions, and is indispensable to an intelligent comprehension of Woman's work for the evangelization of the Home land. Each number contains fresh letters from the front, abundant material on the topic of the month, and a department of Hints and Helps, which will be found very suggestive in conducting a society. THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IS FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR. Address subscriptions to MISS S. F. LINCOLN, Box L. Station O. 156 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Santa Fé Boarding School.

When, in 1848, at the close of the Mexican war, Mexico ceded to the United States the large extent of territory, comprising Arizona, New Mexico, and parts of California, Utah, Colorado and Indian Territory, one quarter of a million of Mexicans came under the jurisdiction of the United States, a country whose language, laws and customs were foreign to them.

Descendants of those courageous tribes which so long successfully defied the invading Spaniards, and which yielded at last only to superior arms and equipments, and not to greater bravery or daring; descendants of those peoples who filled the valleys of the Southwest with cities rivaling those of the civilizations of Europe and Asia, people who left ruins which defy the archæologist, and hieroglyphics which are the despair of the hieroglyphist, the Mexicans of the nineteenth century are indeed seemingly unworthy of their descent. But the Mexicans of to-day, it must be remembered, are of mixed origin; not only the blood of the Montezumas, but that of Spaniards and of Indians flows in their veins; for centuries this race, once composed of hardy mountaineers, has languished under the rule of a conquering people, and has grown more and more degraded beneath the Spanish yoke—the yoke of Romanism.

The priests have claimed complete dominion over them, over their bodies and their property as well as their souls. The church tithe has been so

large that it has sadly drained the resources of the poor people, and yet there have been added to it extra demands for large sums, for *masses*, for special privileges, for penances, for forgiveness. Year by year the poor have grown steadily poorer; immorality, superstition, bigotry, and ignorance have weakened these people until alone they cannot throw off this strong hold which the priesthood has upon them.

For almost twenty years after the acceptance of this new territory by the United States, the Presbyterian Church did nothing toward aiding these poor Mexican people toward a true knowledge of the Christ and a more blessed life. In 1866, however, a military officer and his wife stationed at Santa Fé became most thoroughly impressed with the need of mission work in this far-off part of our land, and the lady, writing to friends in Auburn, N. Y., concerning this need, so impressed them with the necessities of the work, that, through their efforts, a Santa Fé Mission Association was formed and a teacher's salary pledged, the object being to start a mission, or free school in Santa Fé.

The Rev. D. F. McFarland was already in the Territory as a missionary, and it was in connection with his work that in November, 1867, a day school under the charge of Miss Gaston, was opened. Facilities for an education of even the most elementary kind were scarce in New Mexico, as they are still in a large part of the Territory. Many of the few schools were controlled by the priests, and church doctrines alone were taught—educational work on a broad basis seemed the great need. Miss Gaston's school began in an old adobe building and moved twice in two months, the last time taking possession of a dilapidated adobe church which had been purchased and fitted up for a school room; but, writes Mrs. Menaul (Miss Gaston), "the roof was so bad, that it was

necessary when it rained to put the books away to keep them from being destroyed." The priests had opposed the school from the very beginning, and when it was moved to a Protestant Church the Bishop threatened to excommunicate any who sent their children to it. This had the expected effect and the school attendance dropped from forty to twelve. But, little by little, the good will of the people was gained, some of the children came back, new ones came in, and the school regained its first number.

Then for many years the struggle between the power of the priests and the superstitions of the people on the one hand and the light and liberty of Christian education on the other, went on; there were bright spots to cheer the weary workers, but when contrasted with the great needs and the earnest desires, progress seemed slow.

Later the school was transferred to the care of the Woman's Executive Committee, and on June 1, 1881, Miss M. L. Allison, who now has charge of the Girls' Boarding School at Santa Fé, began her work in the day school. At this time there were but ten or fifteen children in attendance and most of those were Americans. Miss Allison writes of that time: "The building as I found it was a dilapidated adobe with a very bad roof. Some of the rooms had earth floors, very small windows, and doorways so low that one must stoop to enter. My first effort was to clean and furnish a room for my own use. Mrs. McGaughey (the wife of the missionary then in charge), had been sick for weeks, unable to take care of her little family and unable to find any help. Mr. McGaughey was worn out and discouraged with his multiplicity of cares in family, church, and school. Unacquainted with the Spanish language, without help among strangers, it was with difficulty that I found and engaged a Mexican woman to come to *clean* the room, which meant, to fill the

many holes in the wall with mud, and build up the fire place, etc. After waiting half a day for the woman who had promised to come, I again started out in search of help, and my efforts were rewarded by two women with two dogs presenting themselves at my door the next morning. Not understanding that I could take down the muslin ceiling and wash it, I undertook to have the women whitewash it with *yeso*. They spent most of the day in trying to get the whitewash on, but got most of it on the floor; then I, in desperation, begged them to stop and paying them two dollars, finished the cleaning myself. I had a pretty, cheap paper put on the walls, got a new carpet, made some furniture out of pine boxes, covering it with bright chintz, and then bringing out pretty, white curtains, books, pictures, and plants, the room was transformed into a cheerful, cozy, *homey* place. But, alas! I had scarcely finished when the rain began and the roof leaked until there was not a dry spot in my room. . . . I was obliged to keep rolling my bed around at night to keep the water from dripping on me. . . . In a year or two afterward the roof was repaired and floors laid, and other improvements made."

When school opened in September of 1882, seventy-five pupils were enrolled, about half being Mexicans, the others being Italians, Germans, Americans and colored. As the months rolled on and the work prospered, Miss Allison became more and more impressed with the necessity of having the girls in a boarding school that they might be withdrawn from the influences of their homes, and also that they might be taught something of the useful and practical arts of housewifery. She persuaded the Woman's Executive Committee to allow her to take ten boarders if she could procure them. This at first seemed insurmountable, for the children had no wish to remain at the school, and their parents feared to allow

them so to do. After some personal persuasion, however, ten came, and the experiment proved to be so successful that during the next year more boarders were taken, and by September, 1885, there were in the school three teachers, and there was an enrollment of sixty-nine, of whom about twenty were boarding pupils.

During 1886 the school was much disturbed by the persecutions of the priests, a large number of the children leaving, and the work being much interferred with. But the Protestant teachers had gained the love and confidence of the people; their unselfish and devoted care of the sick, their ready response to all suffering and sorrow, their unfailing willingness to be both an aid and a comfort to any who needed them, had inspired feelings of faith and trust, and some of the Romish influence had been lost.

The old adobe house was sadly overcrowded, and in 1889 ground was broken for a new building. This not being in readiness by September, the opening of school was delayed until October, by which time seventy-four boarders and fifty day scholars had assembled. Owing to this large number of pupils Miss Allison found it necessary to move into the new school, even though, there having been an unavoidable delay in obtaining equipments, they were obliged to sleep on the floors, and to serve "meals at all hours." Miss Allison managed, however, to keep the school together and in working order until December, when the new furniture arrived, and New Year's Day of 1890 found them occupying their new home, "so happy over our nice house and fine school, that past discomforts were soon forgotten."

The next year epidemics of measles and diphtheria broke up the school, but with that exception it has gone on successfully. The question has not been at any time how to obtain pupils, but

SANTA FÉ BOARDING SCHOOL.

rather how to refuse the many applicants who come begging for admission. It was found that fifty-six boarders were all that could be accepted, due attention being given to sanitation and the demands of the work; thus, each year many and many poor Mexican girls who have often come long distances to gain places in this Christian home, have to be told that there is no room, and be sent back again to the wretched conditions from which they wished to escape.

Santa Fé, the political capital of New Mexico, is a town of 6,500 inhabitants; it is "a historic—not a commercial—center," and it is most fitting that here, in one of the oldest of American cities, should have been the beginnings of the new civilization which is doing so much for the whole Territory. "Nine-tenths of all the teachers in the Territory are graduates of our mission schools," and it has often been remarked that upon entering a town one can tell from the appearance of the children in the plaza whether there be a mission school in the village.

At the Santa Fé school the force consists of Miss Allison, the superintendent, with several classroom and industrial teachers. The girls aid in all of the housework.

"Surely," writes one of the teachers, "there is not a busier, happier place to be found anywhere than at the Santa Fé Industrial School, when we are all at regular work. Our girls are usually pleasant and interesting. Our light, airy schoolroom with evergreen mottoes on the white wall, and blackboards decorated with pretty borders in colored crayons, by the hand of our artistic classroom teacher, filled with bright black-eyed girls, all intent on mastering the tasks given them, is an inspiring sight. We see in these girls some of the future home-makers of New Mexico, and as we notice how their minds are expanding and how deftly they perform their duties in the different

departments of house work, we can make no mistake in saying that the character of their homes will be vastly superior to those we see around us to-day. I am gratefully proud of those who have gone out from this school, and are now occupying places of usefulness in different parts of the Territory."

At the beginning of the new school year another teacher wrote: "The girls that have returned seem glad to be back in their school home, and take up their work with interest. As they come each year one can see an improvement in cleanliness, manners, and dress. An improvement not fully appreciated until a new pupil enters, or we look back and remember them as they were two or three years ago."

Writes another: "Dobejina was in my room and I asked, 'When you go home, to whom do you expect to pray, Dobejina, to God or the saints?' She was very indignant and replied, 'To God. When I was home last summer mamma wanted me to pray to the saints, and I said, "No, I pray to God." Mamma say, "Pray to the saints!" I say, "No, I not pray to Mary and the saints; I pray to God." Then mamma say, "Then pray to God if you want to."

"A little girl came to the school very ignorant. I asked, 'Did your mother never talk to you about Jesus?' 'No,' she replied. 'Once when I asked her where people went when they died, she said. "To Heaven if they're good."' 'Did you not know when Sunday came?' 'Yes'm,' was the reply. 'How did you know if you never heard of Jesus!' 'Because we always make the beds then.'"

Two girls, after having been in the school for some time returned to their home during the summer vacation. At one time the house was filled with visitors who passed the time in rioting and drinking. The girls asked their mother to send these visitors away, saying that they could

not remain in a house where there were such bad people. The mother refused to do so, and the girls, taking their little brother with them, made a tent of blankets in a corner of a cornfield, and there they remained until the mother, seeing that they were determined, dismissed the visitors from the house.

Instance after instance might be cited, testifying of the firm faith of these Mexican girls who have received Christian educations at the Santa Fé Boarding School. The graduates are scattered throughout the Territory, some in their homes, living lives which are witnesses for Christ, some as teachers, imparting to others of the knowledge which they have gained, and still others caring for the sick and afflicted amongst their people. As these girls go out the influence which the school has had upon them is marked, and other less-favored girls are led to ask for the opportunities and privileges which their more fortunate sisters have enjoyed. Shall they ask in vain?

The work at Santa Fé is established, but without continuous, steady support it cannot go on, nor can it be advanced to meet the pressing demands continually made upon it. No nobler work can be given to the women and young people of the church than this of educating as housekeepers, home-makers, teachers, *Christians*, these neglected sisters of their own land—these sisters who stand ready and anxious to receive instruction.

Shall it be that in a Christian land they shall cry in vain for light?

THE BOARD OF HOME MISSIONS
of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.

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HOME MISSIONS.
YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.
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Mail Address: Box 156, Madison Square Branch P. O., New York.

[NOTE.—No part of this letter is to be used in any publication.]

MY DEAR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR FRIENDS:

It is with deep regret that I write you a third and last letter. I am called once more into city mission work in New York, under Dr. John Hall's Church. But while the workers change, the work remains; and God looks to you to be faithful to the work, and to give it your undivided and constant support.

In this letter I will tell you one or two of the unusual characters and experiences I have met among the mountain people. In one place there are two brothers, one about forty, the other fifty years old, who live together alone in a log cabin, and who have not spoken to each other for twenty years. They are not angry with each other; they eat together, but each has his separate room and work. One is an elder in the church, and both have many friends in the community. When they wish to communicate with each other, they wait until a friend passes, and through him they talk over their plans. When one sells a joint crop, he upon his return has been seen to go to the field, take out all the money, divide it, leave half on a stump, and pocket the other half and then depart. The singular part of all this is that their father and uncles were just the same. There were three brothers, who seldom, if ever, spoke to each other. When one would go to work, he would go out and put up the bars behind him in the field, and each would do the same. At noon, one would stop work and return to the cabin, and the others follow without a word. I was told that on one occasion they did exchange remarks; two were chopping a great tree, one on each side; one reached his hand around to see how far the other had cut, when the brother's axe came down and cut off his fingers, upon which he exclaimed, "You great fool!" and the other said, "You oughter look out!" Last year one brother went West and was gone several weeks, and his brother knew nothing of his plans until he had gone and had returned. Of course this is a most unusul case, and not characteristic of the people, who generally are very cordial and like our own mountain people, who live much by themselves and away from active life.

Large families are characteristic of the people; and I recall my first experience with one family of nine children, the oldest being fourteen. All lived in a two-room cabin, with one room under the roof. As I neared the house I saw many little heads and legs disappear, and in the cabin I found the mother with a babe in her arms. There were so many children that she could not care for them, so, of course, everything was in confusion and dirt. She was the most cheerful woman I met in the mountains, and all her tribe took after her. As I sat down the children began to appear, coming in from the doors, from under the bed, and behind the chairs. All nine of them kept moving, running, falling and, like little brownies, shouting, then fighting, crying and laughing until the mother cleared out seven of them. The poor baby had "the yaller thrash" in its mouth, and had just got over "the white thrash," and a poor sore-mouthed child it was. When he was set on the floor, the next older took a stick and whacked him over the head again and again, in the most matter-of-fact way, and then all yelled together.

Before marriage this woman was a teacher in one of the district schools, and until near the time of this visit had given lessons on a poor old organ that stood in the cabin. The father, a hard-working man, once a deacon in the church, was recalled to his church by my visits, and brought several of his children to Sunday-school.

Three winters ago this family, during the intense cold, had but three pairs of shoes among them, and so had to stay indoors for days, or go barefoot in icy weather. Those seven boys are soon to be men, and what kind of men they are to be depends in large measure on the hold our school and church have upon them.

This is but a sample of many of the families, and will help you to realize the urgent need of teachers and missionaries to reach such, and give them something better.

If you could but attend the mid-week prayer meetings in the cabins at Brittain's Cove, you would see the true life and spirit of the people. They come together soon after "early candle light," and the few chairs are supplemented by a plank across the boxes, while the edges of the beds are reserved for the "wimmin folk."

When the babies and small children fall asleep their shoes are pulled off and they are passed over the heads of the people and laid in rows on the beds. The cabin is dimly lighted by one lamp, and sometimes only by the light from the blazing logs in the great fireplace. There the old people sing their old-fashioned tunes with great pleasure, or the younger generation the gospel hymns, which have found warm acceptance with all the people.

The leader will slowly read the chapter, and before making remarks express his regret that he has so few qualifications for the occasion. Then the meeting is "open," and a few older men will give their testimony. It is here that some of the men first find courage to speak for Christ, and one's heart is strangely moved with gratitude as one and another, in broken and almost incomprehensible language, make a beginning. But "He who looks upon the heart" understands, and new courage, faith and interest in God's work follows such efforts. After an hour and a half the meeting breaks up. If it is a dark night, pine torches are lighted, the children are taken in strong arms, and the rough road or path is followed to the humble homes where these children of God dwell on earth.

I learned to love the mountain people very warmly. They all received me cordially and treated me courteously and generously, and I will never cease to remember them with most earnest prayers. I envied those who, like Miss Goodrich, lived among them day after day, and touched their lives on all sides, and did them good continually. Such workers are doing grand work; and by God's grace and power are transforming not only individual lives but the life and character of whole communities. Let such have your daily prayers, and utmost confidence and generous support, for they are doing Christ-like work in His dear Name.

I. H. POLHEMUS.

NOTE.—As Mr. Polhemus has left the work among the Mountain People of the South, it is necessary to assign another missionary to the societies, who were supporting the work under Mr. Polhemus. Such a one has been found in the person of the Rev. Frank M. Fox, and all pledges made toward the salary of the former will be transferred to the latter, unless societies ask that some other arrangement be made.

Mr. Fox lives in the little parsonage at Denmark, N. C., seven miles from Asheville, within a stone's throw of the Farm School buildings. He has charge of the Biblical study in this school, having the boys divided into two classes, each of which meets with him for three periods of three-quarters of an hour each during the week. Mr. Fox preaches at Riceville, two miles from his home.

As one stands near the church there is nothing to be seen save the woods, and the congregation must come from houses which are from half a mile to five miles away. That Mr. Fox will endear himself to the young people, those who have seen him in his work with the boys at the Farm School cannot for an instant doubt, and we trust that he will receive the hearty support and encouraging backing of the Christian Endeavor Societies.

May 18, 1897.- 37m.- $12.50- De La mare.

WOMAN'S EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF HOME MISSIONS

OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN U. S. A.

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MISS S. F. LINCOLN, TREASURER. (516 MARKET ST., PITTSBURGH, PA)

156 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

1897

The Woman's Executive Committee: The General Assembly of 1875 recommended a central organization to be exclusively devoted to woman's work for Home Missions, and the Assembly of the succeeding year authorized the Synods to appoint committees of women to co-operate with the Home Board in bringing this about.

How Formed: A convention of Synodical delegates was held in December of 1878 in the Bible House, New York City. The meeting resulted in the appointment of the Woman's Executive Committee as an organ of communication between the Synodical Committee and the Board of Home Missions, having its headquarters at New York.

Branches: Every Synod has now appointed a committee of women for Home Mission work. It is greatly desired that every Presbytery should have its Presbyterial Society of women, and a Home Missionary Society in every church; also that the young people in Bands, Sabbath schools and Christian Endeavor Societies should be enlisted in work for Home Missions.

The Work: FIRST.—The Executive Committee co-operates with the Board of Home Missions, undertaking no work without its approval. SECOND.—The duties undertaken by them are the following: 1. To raise money for the support of the **Educational Work** under the care of the Board of Home Missions, namely, teachers' salaries, school buildings and equipments, and for general Home Mission purposes. 2. To diffuse information regarding Home Mission Work and to increase interest in the cause. 3. To provide Home Missionary boxes.

Schools: Mission day schools are established among the exceptional populations—Alaskans, Indians, Mexicans, Mormons, etc.—wherever a promising opening occurs, if the state of the treasury permits. The present plan is to establish, also, near the center of each Mission field, a school of higher grade than these schools, for the training of teachers and mission workers. Prominence is given in most of these higher schools to industrial training. In addition to this, Chapel school houses are built for day schools, and suitable buildings erected for boarding and industrial schools by funds raised by the Woman's Executive Committee. Auxiliary Societies are permitted, by

action of General Assembly in 1884, to contribute t schools among the Freedmen through the Woman's Exec tive Committee of the Board of Home Missions.

A promising work is also carried on among the Mountai eers of the South, which it is hoped may be greatly enlarge

Work Accomplished:

	Teachers.	Funds.
*1878-79		$3,138.89
1879-80	25	11,467.49
1880-81	52	27,793.24
1881-82	64	58,084.83
1882-83	133	68,231.18
1883-84	144	108,596.45
1884-85	175	128,523.86
1885-86	199	175,910.76
1886-87	215	191,960.80
1887-88	264	$226,067.
1888-89	318	320,640.66
1889-90	361	337,841.89
1890-91	340	338,389.29
1891-92	360	364,179.19
1892-93	379	373,142.13
1893-94	368	335 659.79
1894-95	391	367,333.13
1895-96	378	315,941.00
1896-97	308	333,899.20

*Four Months.

Summary for 1896-97:

	Schools.	Teachers.	Pupils.
Among the Alaskans	8	25	514
" Indians	19	86	1,364
" Mexicans	29	47	1,749
" Mormons	32	68	2,696
" Mountaineers	29	82	2,295
Total	117	308	8,018

The Home Mission Monthly: This illustrated magazine, published by the Woman's Executive Committee, is indispensable to intelligent co-operation in woman's work for Home Missions. Each number contains fresh news from mission fields, suggestive plans of work, and a carefully prepared programme on the topic of the month. Every Presbyterian woman, and especially every officer in each Auxiliary Society, should be a subscriber.

Subscription price, 50 cents, which should be forwarded to Miss S. F. LINCOLN, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Over Sea and Land: This missionary magazine for the young, published jointly by the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary organizations, has many attractive features, and should be widely circulated among Bands, Sunday Schools, and Junior Christian Endeavor Societies.

Subscription 35 cents, in clubs of five or more, to one address, 25 cents yearly. Published at 1334 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Illustrated Lectures: These lectures, each o which is vividly illustrated by eighty or more choic views especially prepared by the lecturer, Rev. D. E. FINKS to depict the strange people and picturesque phases of Hom Mission work, are given under the auspices of the Board o Home Missions and the Woman's Executive Committee, an the proceeds go to sustain their work. They increase info mation and help to swell the funds of local societies. F fuller information concerning engagements, apply to 1 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

May 27, 1897.—250.—$24.75 De La Mare.

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[*No part of this letter is to be copied in any Publication.*]

DEAR FRIENDS:

You can imagine how glad I was to be invited to join Mr. Jeffrey's party which was to drive through the mountains to attend the Presbyterial meetings at Greenville, Tenn. The party was made up of Mr. Jeffrey, Mr. and Mrs. Fox and myself. We had the Farm School carryall—built for mountain roads—and two strong mules, Laura and Bess, who deserve special and honorary mention, for to their good qualities we owe much of the pleasure and safety of the trip.

The distance from the Farm School to Greenville by dirt-road is sixty-five miles, and this can be covered in a day and a half when the roads are at the best. When we started they were at their worst. It had rained incessantly for many weeks, and all our friends and neighbors warned us not to attempt to drive through, and prophesied dire calamity—breaking down at the best—and drowning in the fords of Ivy and Laurel at the worst; but go we would in spite of them all. "You'll see a mighty rough country up there!" "You'll wonder how in the world them people can stand it to live there all scrouged up in them mountain gorges, among all them rocks," were their parting words.

The direct road from the Farm School on Swannanoa does not lie through Brittain's Cove, so the first stage of my journey was made on "Cherokee," Tuesday morning, to Cheek's Corner, where I waited for the wagon. About eleven o'clock it came, and I was packed in with my belongings, and all the sage advice I had received, which was the largest part of my baggage.

It was a lovely day overhead, and we were too much exhilarated by the glorious air and the feeling of leaving behind for a little our responsibilities, to mind the road with its really dangerous mud holes. In several of them fence rails were lying, having been used to "prize out" wagons, and once we passed with difficulty a loaded wagon broken down in a bad hole. At Blackstocks we turned off from the Burnsville road, which goes on through the upper part of Ivy and Little Ivy, and keeping to the west, were soon in the outskirts of Jupiter. We halted for lunch at a pleasant looking farmhouse, where we were kindly allowed to spread our lunch on the porch, and were provided with chairs and fresh water, and here we were amazed at the extent of our own appetites.

After this nooning we went on to Jupiter itself, where there is a fine church, two or three stores, and some houses with many gables and wonderful gingerbread work. From Jupiter on we were uncertain of the road, and here, as well as elsewhere on the trip, the burden of inquiring the way fell on Mr. Fox, because he does not mind asking questions. After some miles of up hill and down dale we came out on a high ridge, round which runs the Ivy in a horseshoe bend. Very fine was the view of the rapid, swollen stream below us on either side, and of the country beyond broken up into numberless hills and valleys, with the long range of the Great Smokies, over which we were soon to pass, in the distance. A rapid descent brought us to the ford of the Bend of the Ivy—the worst in all the length of the Ivy when the waters are up. And up they were with the heavy rains of Sunday. It was not prudent to venture in until the waters had been measured, so a man who lives on the edge of the stream rode across on horseback, and we found that the water would come up into the bed of the wagon. Most of the baggage was unloaded, Mrs. Fox and I took what we could on our laps, tucked our feet up, and in we plunged. It was quite exciting when we came to the deepest part, and the water poured over the edge of the wagon bed as well as through the cracks in the bottom. But it was soon over and we were safely landed. Then Mr. Jeffrey went back for Mr. Fox, who had stayed by the stuff, and with the baggage piled on the seats, the trip was made again. It was worse to look at from the bank than to be in it; very little of the wheels could be seen above the water as they came through, and we longed for a kodak with which to take a shot at the preacher and elder going to Presbytery.

Here comes a stretch of road (although it didn't stretch very far in one direction) which is confused in my memory. I know that we turned up Bull Creek, and then went along by Laurel Branch, a lovely rushing brook, and that we went out of our way one-half mile in one place and had to turn back. This misturn was from no remissness in Mr. Fox, for he inquired faithfully the way of every man, woman and child whom we met. I remember, too, that it was somewhere along here that we kept meeting solemn looking men on horseback with huge ledgers under their arms. I do wish we had inquired what these were instead of asking about roads. Some advised us to go by Mr. Sprinkleses. It was about two miles on, and it was a splendid house. We couldn't "misunderstand" it when we saw it. To reach it we must turn hither and yon it seemed to me. There was another road that didn't go by Sprinkleses, two of them in fact. The one by Indian Grave Gap was longer and steeper, but dryer. One was smoother, but another was the shortest. We rode on for an hour. "How far is it to Mr. Sprinkleses?" "Two miles." Another hour and S. was still one and one-half miles away. We despaired of reaching that mansion on the hill, and turned off at the Widow White's on to the third road, and then that road made us wish we hadn't. There must be regrets, and not to have seen Sprinkleses' fine house is one of ours.

It was about this time that we began to be involved in the meshes of Marshall. Try as we might to leave it on the left, we found ourselves nearer and nearer until we came to the poorhouse, just a mile away. Here we did turn off and leave the town behind, but not before Mr. J. had issued his ultimatum that at this rate, if we were to attend the meetings of the Presbytery at all, we should not be at home until Tuesday night, for we couldn't make the trip in a day and a half. Having given up all hopes of pushing on to the Widow Gahagen's for the night, we cast about for a suitable stopping place, and at Gudger's store we were directed to Mr. C.'s house, a large, rambling, homelike looking place, where they sometimes take in the weary traveler. But Mrs. C. had heart trouble and they could have no strangers in the house. On we went in the gathering darkness to the next house, and were again refused, this time for lack of room. At the third place Mr. Fox used his utmost powers of persuasion, but "There was serious illness in the family, and the men were all away." There seemed no chance for us until a daughter of the house, finding that Mr. Fox was a minister, relented and promised to do the best she could for us.

Early the next morning we were on the road again, the day overcast, but showing lovely effects of morning light. A little girl with a jug in her arms, standing motionless, on her way to the spring, at the unwonted sight of such a turnout as ours, remains a lovely picture in my mind. Just beyond George Gahagen's, a newly built log school-house attracted our attention; the mistress was in the doorway, a number of children in front looked bright and clean; beyond we met others hastening along with their first readers in their hands. Something about it all made us feel that the school was prized as new opportunities should be.

Now we began to go up Walnut Mt., with wonderful views of the higher peaks of the Great Smokies from the winding road. As we went down on the other side we were in the wild Laurel Country, of which we had heard so much, and had so long wished to see. It is a country full of moonshiners and noted for wickedness. Wild tales are told of the doings, and some of my neighbors could not be hired to go through there. Others laugh at them and say the Laurel people are just as "clever" as any one when they are sober, which is seldom, and even when drunk they "won't do nothin' if you don't say nothin' to 'em—jes' leave 'em alone and they're all right." But all agree that "if one is mad they are all mad—they all hang together." Do you wonder we wanted to go there?

Soon the Big Laurel itself came in sight, larger than the Ivy and full of rapids. The ford, however, was not so high, and considering the size of the stream, was considered a good, safe ford. But after this came the first ford of the Shelton Laurel, which has an evil name. In midstream there is a shelving rock to avoid on one side, and a ledge of rock on the other. The water was too high and too turbid to show these clearly, and there was a bad moment when the wagon tipped and the water began to run in, and some of us, at least, thought we were gone. I think we were all glad to be on dry land again, for it would have been an ugly place to upset. After two more fords of the same stream, we reached the Widow Gahagen's and stopped a moment to make her acquaintance. She is a dear, sprightly old lady of seventy-four, and we were received like old friends. The house has been the stopping place for travelers for more than thirty years. It had occurred to us that by spending Sunday with her we could reach home one day sooner, so we arranged to do so if possible, and Mr. Fox promised to hold service there in that case. Mrs. G. and her daughter were sure we could not reach Greenville that night, but we pushed on over another ford, past the old burying ground, where the white picket fence was neatly edged with black, down a hill to the Gahagen mill, and then we entered the long glen through which flows Allen's Creek, with its eighteen fords. The glen, like the one on the side of Walnut Mt., of which I did not speak, is filled with a thick growth of rhododendron (called laurel here), hemlock and laurel, with moss and all sorts of lovely things below. It is always damp and dripping and beautiful, and it was like a dream to ride mile after mile through the semi-tropical scene. Now and then we met men on horseback—fine, straight-limbed fellows, but hard-looking, and reeking with whiskey; one with face cut and slashed, and mended up with court plaster. We started a hymn just as we passed him, for we felt much like singing all that day, and his expression of dignified astonishment was to be remembered.

It is safest here not to ask too many questions nor to wander far from the road, for there are many illicit stills hidden away among the mountains that will not bear inspection. There are few houses in sight between the old mill and the long clearing, on the edge of which stands a log schoolhouse. About one mile further on is Allenstand, a forlorn old house occupied now by renters. It was a coaching house before the railroad was carried through to Tennessee. The road by the French Broad was the more traveled of the two, but this one farther north was much used by drovers.

A few miles of cleared bottom land between the mountains, with now and then a cabin, and then came another stretch of wooded glen, with holly trees among the rhododendrons. It was here that we met a company of men of grim aspect, and while they were in sight we refrained from laughter and song, thinking discretion a jewel.

Just beyond we came to the new saw mill, and soon after passing this stopped for lunch in a small clearing beside the road where there had been a licensed still for making apple brandy. The remains of the mill and furnace could be seen, but there was nothing stronger to drink than clear spring water. All this time we had been climbing, but so gradually that we did not realize that we were reaching the top of the great watershed of the Alleghenies. The State line was passed, and we were in "Tennessy." Here we came to Paint Creek, on the other side of the divide, and crossing the Paint Gap, we went down the abrupt descent to the "flat woods" below, which stretched away into far blue distances strangely lovely to eyes shut in by mountains for so many months. The road, of which I might have spoken more particularly all along, was here uncommonly rough and stony. You would not think it passable.

And now we are down the mountain, past the cabins with chimneys of sticks and mud, so rarely seen in North Carolina, and past Reed's store, just beyond which is a ford not usually bad, but with a washout in the clay bank, and only skillful driving and the fine behavior of those blessed mules prevented a catastrophe. Soon we reached the Chucky River with its new iron bridge, which we much prefer to a ford, but which Laura has her doubts about, thinking it a great risk to venture on it. Now we are only six miles from Greenville, but it is not all smooth traveling; some of the worst mud holes are yet to come, now that we have reached the red clay again. For a mile or two there is a succession of bad places where our spinal columns have to do more and swifter adjustment than is reasonable to expect of them. The country is open and rolling, with good farms—we even see four horses attached to one plow.

There is Greenville on the hill beyond us, and we begin to shake ourselves together, lament the mud-bespattered garments, straighten our bonnets and get on our Presbyterial manners. We make vows to start back to Gahagen's on Saturday without fail.

As we enter Greenville, a voice hails us, "Is that Mr. Fox? Drive up here. Mr. and Mrs. Fox come to my house." So two of us find a hospitable refuge. Another house is open to me, and Mr. Jeffrey is received still further on. We had just time for supper before the bell rang for the opening service of Presbytery. At the church we met all the other Buncombe people, who hailed us with joy and surprise, not having had a hope, so they said, of our arriving before Saturday.

Of Presbytery I will not write you. The meetings of the women and young people were good and inspiring, and so were the devotional meetings of Presbytery, which were all that I attended.

On Saturday morning the other Asheville people left Greenville by train and some one pitied me, think of it! for not going "round the smooth way" with them. But more than one of them envied us. We laid in supplies of eggs, fruits, etc., for the roadside lunches, and started again for the mountains.

Long before we reached the State line we began to give notice at the cabins along the road of the services at Gahagen's the next day. Some listened with keen interest. I remember two young fellows especially who stopped and planted themselves, with hands thrust into their pockets and eyes kindling, over the exciting news. One man stood in his doorway and nodded solemnly at Mr. Fox's remarks, but never a word did he speak. As we came out into an open space a hundred yards across we saw a woman with a basket on her arm making frantic efforts to reach the shelter of the woods, and after her ran a child wild with fear at the strange apparition. Mr. J. drove

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across the flat, and before he had stopped Mr. Fox was out and on the rough wood road up which the fugitives had disappeared. We could hear him calling to them. It was some time before he could get their attention. Then they halted at a safe distance while he delivered his message at the top of his lungs; the women nodded and fled on. They took us, I suppose, for revenue officers, or for some other booger even worse. We had thought there were few houses on the road, but now we were astonished to find how many there were as we stopped at each one. At the saw mill we found a Mr. Arwood, who told us of a Sunday-school which met at ten o'clock on Sunday at the little log school house we had noticed near Allenstand. If Mr. Fox would preach there after Sunday-school he would find from thirty to forty people there. Had Mr. A. known sooner he could have let all the neighbors know, as it was he would ride around as far as he could. So it was arranged to have the preaching there instead of at the Gahagen's.

Four years ago Mr. Fox rode to the Presbytery in Greenville with Dave Swan, an elder in the Riceville Church. They spent a night at Kelsey Brigman's, an old friend of Mr. Swan's. The house was rather pretentious, and several rooms were planned out, but only the studding separated them. It is probably not good manners in that house to look through. There was a family of bright boys and girls, too unused to strangers to be shy, and while the other men were putting up the horses, and the young wife getting supper, the children crowded around Mr. Fox, who, as a preacher, was expected to sit by the fire and be company. They told him all about their poor little lives. "School! ain't never been to school, ain't no school to go to. Church! never went to church in my life. Never went to Sunday-school." Of course the two boys, Moody and Sankey, could not read. Neither could their sister, Lily Magnolia. Since that time, one of Mr. Fox's desires has been to preach to Moody and Sankey Brigman.

The B. house is in a hollow, and from the road above a glimpse of it can be caught through the trees. When we were within "hollerin' distance," though it was barely that, Mr. Fox mounted an enormous log and hallooed the house. Faint answer as from the depths. Mr. Fox—"There will be preaching at the school-house to-morrow." Echo, with interest in its tone—"To-morrow, school-house," and Mr. Fox thought he recognized the voice of little Sankey. After this effort we feared the preacher would have no voice for his sermon the next day.

It was dark before we had crossed all the fords of Allen (the last two were bad), and the Shelton Laurel ford, and were at the Gahagen's hospitable door. The family had "given us out," the house was full, a party of lumbermen from Asheville having come in for the night. But we were well accommodated in spite of this, for to the Widow Gahagen a preacher is to be received as God's messenger.

The school-house at Allenstand is five miles from the Gahagen's. We had passed it on Saturday night, and Sunday morning we drove back to it. It stands alone with no other building in sight, on a bit of flat ground close to the creek. The door is on the further side, but there is a small window on the side toward the road. Behind it are dark woods of holly and hemlock and pine, and beyond rises the steep mountain side. As we drove up, there was "right smart of a crowd" of men and boys by the house, and girls were peeping through the window. Mr. Arwood came forward to show us the best way to cross the creek and to drive up to the door, for there was no trace of a road. A glance over the crowd showed that the saying was true that "you may know the Laurel folk by the red." For red shirts and red dresses were on all sides. Kelsey B. was there, and so were Moody and Sankey, and Bessie, and Lily Magnolia. Mr. Fox was to realize his wish. There were about sixty-five present in all.

Inside the house, which was about sixteen feet square, two sets of benches ran around the wall. In the centre was a stove, the mark of all the tobacco chewers in the front row, men and women, too, and well they aimed. Above, the long hand-made shingles were all "catawampus" so that the sky could be seen in places, and I wondered how the people managed when it rained.

Mrs. Fox and I seated ourselves with the other women and conversed with our neighbors until the men filed in. I was asked at once if I preached in public. I did not own the impeachment, but did confess to "speaking in meeting" when there was no minister to preach. When the men and boys were all in and shaken somehow into seats, the leader called to "Tom" to start the singing. Tom, attired in a red shirt, with red suspenders knitted in an intricate pattern, marshaled his forces. "All you singin' people, you all git over here together. Now," said he, scratching his head with excitement, "less try and make all the furss we kin." With that he opened a hymn book, one or two other copies were produced, and with a wave of his hand he started off in a high key, "At the Feast of Belshazer." A woman joined in an octave higher, and we all did what we could in various keys and times. Mr. Arwood read the 29th Psalm, and after prayer was offered the classes were formed. We were asked to read with the women's class and Mr. F. and Mr. J. joined the men's class, which was led by a young German, Leib by name, who had strayed into these parts. The third class was made up of children, some with primers and some with none, and they were taught their letters, and a-b, abs.

The men's class found their chapter before we had all found our places, and by listening to them I knew how to act when my turn came. We had a different chapter; it was Matt. 14, and when we had all found it, that is all of us who had Testaments, the young woman who acted as teacher began. "First—At that time Herod the tetrarch," etc., and then whirled round on her heel and gazed at me. I was ready and said, "Second—and said unto his servants," etc., and so we went through the chapter. Then the leader produced an ancient looking book, of which I should dearly love to have the loan for an hour, and asked us questions on the chapter. One was, "Did the Lord know how the people were to be fed?" and a fine-looking woman answered, after a moment's thought, "I reckon He did, and the needs of *this* little band in the wilderness pressed on my heart, and I thought, "Does the Lord know how they are to be fed? I reckon he does."

Mr. A. announced that the time for the lesson was over, and that now we'd have the preaching service. Mr. F. asked the leader in red to select some hymns. One of them was "Amazing Grace," to the "lonesomest chune" we ever heard. Windham is cheerful to it.

The sermon was on Blind Bartimeus, the text, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." It was listened to intently as by those hungry for the word. Afterward Mr. Jeffrey made a brief and timely statement of the work which we represented, especially of the Farm School. The boys gave eager atttention, and asked questions about the school afterward. I think Sankey has made up his mind to try for it next year.

There has been a public school for six weeks the past two years (no school before), and in twelve weeks M. and S. have learned to read fairly well. The Sunday-school had been held only five Sundays before this. They were hoping to be able to buy some more hymn books and Testaments, but their real need is for teachers of the right kind. We resolved ourselves into a committee of investigation after the services and learned this and much more.

The schoolhouse is in the most convenient spot in the district, but they need a new house and a good day school. About forty

children are within reach. (That is what they told me before I went to Brittain's Cove, and you know we have always had ninety or more on the roll.)

After dinner a heavy shower came up, but a few gathered with the Gahagen household for an informal service, and Mr. Fox sang for us songs which carried the Gospel message into the heart.

I must speak again of the true hospitality with which we were received and cared for by the Gahagens. Like almost all in that vicinity, they were intensely loyal during the war. The two eldest sons started to join the Federal army in Kentucky. With a party of forty others they were making their way through the Virginia mountains when they were surprised by a Confederate force, and half of the band was captured. Among them was one of the young Gahagens. He died in Libbey prison, after 18 months. The other boy escaped, fought in the Union army through the war, and is now one of the leading citizens of Chattanooga. Mrs. G. has one son and one daughter still with her.

On Monday morning we took leave of these good friends without inducing them to accept anything for our accommodation. Mrs. G. declared she would never get over it if she charged a preacher anything, and pressed us all to come again. It was in vain that we urged that we were not all preachers.

We went through Marshall this time and I was glad of an opportunity to see that shoestring of a town, where there is just room for the one street and the railroad track, between river and mountain. We stopped here for a moment to greet Mr. and Mrs. Parker, our own fellow missionaries, who have the day school there in charge, but had no time to visit the Walnut Springs school on the other side of the river. A mile from Marshall we reached the mouth of the Ivy, and not liking the look of the ford there we went up the river to the next, being directed by a young man who came across of his own accord in a dugout to help us. On the cliffs were growing clumps of lovely wild phlox of two species, both new to me, and the mountain pink was in blossom there, too.

After crossing the ford, which was quite deep enough for pleasure, the road wound up a long hill, and it was here that we found the walking fern, which has so few localities.

Jupiter was our next point, and we made for it as straight as the roads would allow, and just as we needed direction we met one of my neighbors, Mr. W. He greeted me with pleasure and assured me that the Cove was all right, but powerful uneasy about us.

We found that Jupiter and the worst places on the Burnsville road could be left on one side by turning off at the Red Oak Church and taking a longer but dryer road. It was indeed a meandering road, and we thought that Captain Weaver's, where we were to come out, was to be like Sprinkleses, always two miles away. But it was reached at last, and from there it was plain going to the Cove. Various stops had made us late, and it was seven o'clock when we drove into the enclosure of the "Sparrow's Nest," and my part of the wonderful trip was at an end.

The next morning the others went on to Swannanoa, after we had gone together to the Lord and asked Him what He would have us do to help the people on Laurel to whom He had sent us for that Sabbath day, and we asked Him, by one of us, or by some other of His servants, to send help to the sheep without a shepherd.

Our chief impression from what we have seen in Laurel is that the time is ripe now for the day school work, and we want to tell what we have seen, so that those who have the Lord's money in trust may give it to Him for this special need, and perchance some may give not only their money but themselves also.

WEAVERVILLE, N. C., May 1st, 1897. FRANCES L. GOODRICH.

May 1897. - 5m. - #6.52 - DeLamare.

Woman's Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church.

156 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

JEHOVAH NISSI.

(THE LORD MY BANNER.)

Fling out the banner! let it float,
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun that lights its shining folds,
The Cross on which the Saviour died.

Leader—Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth.—Psalms lx : 4.

Response—We will rejoice in Thy salvation and in the name of our God we will set up our banners.—Psalms xx : 5.

Leader—When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him.—Isaiah lix : 19.

Response—Be strong, all ye people, and work, saith the Lord, for I am with you, saith the Lord of hosts.—Haggai ii : 4.

Leader—Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.—I. Corinthians xv : 57.

Response—Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us.—Romans viii : 37.

Fling out the banner! let it float,
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
Our glory, only in the Cross,
Our only hope, the Crucified!

Leader—He brought me into His banqueting house, and His banner over me was love.—Solomon's Song, ii : 4.

Response—The Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire to give them light; to go by day and night.—Exodus xiii : 21.

Leader—The Lord was my stay. He brought me forth also into a large place.—Psalms xviii : 18, 19.

Response—He shall show who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings and the Lord of lords.—I. Timothy vi : 15.

Leader—Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners ?—Solomon's Song, vi : 10.

Response—The Church of God, which he hath purchased with His own blood.—Acts xx : 28.

Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

No. 178—1st Ed. 6, 1897.

June 1, 1897. — 1 Mr. — $13.85 Martin & Co.—

"Helping together by prayer"

EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING

Woman's Executive Committee

of Home Missions of the

Presbyterian Church

WINONA, INDIANA

MAY 21, 1897

Annual Meeting Programme.

MORNING SESSION.

Devotional Meeting, 9:30 A.M., . . Mrs. J. B. KENDALL, Indiana.

Hymn.

Lord, from far-severed climes we come,
To meet at last in Thee, our home.
Thou, who hast been our guide and guard,
Be still our hope, our rich reward.

Oh, let us hear the inspiring word
Which they of old at Horeb heard;
Breathe to our hearts the high command,
"Go onward, and possess the land!"

Defend us, Lord, from every ill;
Strengthen our hearts to do Thy will;
In all we plan, and all we do,
Still keep us to Thy service true.

Thou who art Light, shine on each soul!
Thou who art Truth, each mind control!
Open our eyes and make us see
The path which leads to Heaven and Thee.

Scripture, ... Mrs. D. M. COOPER, Michigan.

Prayer, ... Mrs. E. N. BARRETT, Iowa.

Review of Work, . Rev. GEORGE F. MCAFEE, Superintendent of Schools.

Report—Freedmen's Secretary, ... Mrs. C. E. COULTER.

Treasurer's Report, ... Miss S. F. LINCOLN.

Hymn 131, *New Presb. Hymnal.*

Stand up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

Stand up and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

The Year's Work—Corresponding Secretary, . Mrs. F. H. PIERSON.

Voices from the Field.

Mormons, ... Mrs. C. E. SULLIVAN. / Miss CAROLYN B. SULLIVAN.

Indians, ... Mrs. PHŒBE RIDDELL.

Alaskans, ... Miss ANNA M. SHEETS. / Rev. SHELDON JACKSON, D.D.

Hymn 168.

Come, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee:
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the saints Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

Born, Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy precious kingdom bring:
By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Prayer, .

Responsive

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Report of

Hymn 354.

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Hymn 527.

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ESSION.

. Mrs. J. B. KENDALL, Indiana.

Oh, let us hear the inspiring word
Which they of old at Horeb heard ;
Breathe to our hearts the high command,
Go onward, and possess the land !"

Thou who art Light, shine on each soul !
Thou who art Truth, each mind control !
Open our eyes and make us see
The path which leads to Heaven and Thee.

. Mrs. D. M. COOPER, Michigan.

. Mrs. E. N. BARRETT, Iowa.

McAFEE, Superintendent of Schools.

. . Mrs. C. E. COULTER.

. . . Miss S. F. LINCOLN.

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{ Miss CAROLYN B. SULLIVAN.

. . Mrs. PHŒBE RIDDELL.

{ Miss ANNA M. SHEETS.
{ Rev. SHELDON JACKSON, D.D.

orn, Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King ;
orn to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy precious kingdom bring :
y Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
y Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Annual Meeting Programme.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

2.30 P. M.

Prayer, ... Mrs. S. L. McAFEE, Missouri.

Responsive Reading, ... Leader, Mrs. DARWIN R. JAMES.

President's Address, ... Mrs. DARWIN R. JAMES.

Report of Young People's Work, ... Miss M. K. JONES.

Hymn 354.

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain ;
His blood-red banner streams afar :
Who follows in His train ?
Who best can drink His cup of woe,
And triumph over pain,
Who patient bears His cross below—
He follows in His train.

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice
In robes of light arrayed :
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil and pain ;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

"Keep Moving," . . . . . Mrs. D. E. FINKS.

"Over Sea and Land," . . . Mrs. H. P. MERRIMAN, Illinois.

Voices from the Field.

Mexicans, ... Miss LYDIA A. HAYS.

Freedmen, ... Mrs. A. A. JONES.

Mountaineers, ... Miss MARY JOHNS.

OFFERING.

Hymn 527.

In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe in such confiding,
For nothing changes here :
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed ?

Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back :
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack :
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim :
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

Closing Words and Prayer, ... Mr. HARVEY C. OLIN.

JEHOVAH NISSI.

(THE LORD MY BANNER.)

Fling out the banner! let it float,
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun that lights its shining folds,
The Cross on which the Saviour died.

Leader—Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth.—Psalms lx : 4.

Response—We will rejoice in Thy salvation and in the name of our God we will set up our banners.—Psalms xx : 5.

Leader—When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him.—Isaiah lix : 19.

Response—Be strong, all ye people, and work, saith the Lord, for I am with you, saith the Lord of hosts.—Haggai ii : 4.

Leader—Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.—I. Corinthians xv : 57.

Response—Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us.—Romans viii: 37.

Fling out the banner! let it float,
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
Our glory, only in the Cross,
Our only hope, the Crucified!

Leader—He brought me into His banqueting house, and His banner over me was love.—Solomon's Song, ii : 4.

Response—The Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire to give them light; to go by day and night.—Exodus xiii : 21.

Leader—The Lord was my stay. He brought me forth also into a large place.—Psalms xviii : 18, 19.

Response—He shall show who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings and the Lord of lords.—I. Timothy vi : 15.

Leader—Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?—Solomon's Song, vi : 10.

Response—The Church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood.—Acts xx: 28.

Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

THE FOLLOWING MEETINGS WILL ALSO BE HELD BY THE WOMAN'S EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

Saturday Evening, May 22d, at 8 o'clock, an Illustrated Lecture by Rev. D. E. Finks.

Sunday, May 23d, at 3 P. M., Popular Meeting, to be addressed by Missionaries and others from the field. General Assembly Auditorium.

Tuesday, May 25th, at 2 P. M., Election of Officers of the Woman's Executive Committee, and presentation of Synodical Reports.

Wednesday, May 26th, at 2 P. M., Conference of Synodical Committees, and informal discussion of Methods of Work.

Union Prayer Meetings for Home and Foreign Missions, Tuesday and Wednesday (25th and 26th) at 4.30 P. M.

He that putteth his trust in Me shall possess the land.
ISAIAH lvii: 13.

THOUGH He slay me,
yet will I trust in Him.
Job xiii: 15.

I awake, with Thy likeness. PSALM xvii: 15.